

The Historie of

Prin. What saist thou, *Mistris* quickly? how dow thy husband?
I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell a sleepe here behind, the Arras, & had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they picke pockers.

Prin. what didst thou loose, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hof. So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and my Lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hof. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hof. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hof. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it? I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say ctherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hof. Thou art an vniust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue tohu.

Prin. Thou sayst true *Hofesse*, and hee slaunders thee most grossely.

Hof. So hee doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,

You

You ought him a thousand p

Prin. Sarra, doe I owe you a

Fal. A thousand poud *Ha*
Million: thou owest me thy l

Hof. Nay, my Lord, hee ca
cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you f

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring

Prin. I say tis Copper: darst

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou kno
but as thou art *Prince*, I feare
Lyons whelpes.

Prin. And why not as the L

Fal. The King himselfe,
thou thinke Ile feare thee, as
pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how w
But sarra, there's no roome fo
bosome of thine; it is all fi
Charge an honest woma, w
hore son impudent imboist ra
pocket, but tauerne reckon
les, and one poore peniwo
long-winded: if thy pocket
but these, I am a villaine; an
not pocket vp wrong: art th

Fal. Doe st thou heare *Ha*
cencie, *Adam* fell: & what s
daies of villany? thou see st,
& therefore more frailty you

Prin. It appeares so by th

Fal. *Hofesse*, I forgiue the
thy Husband, looke to thy
shalt find me tractable to
pacified still: nay, I prethe
Now *Hal*, to the newes at C
that answered?